

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

very nice donation, many thanks
The work room will be open Mon-
day afternoons from now on as well
as evenings. Attendance Sept.
10 in the afternoon and 14
evening.

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN VINARD'S LINIMENT

DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XXII.

In the week that followed, Devona deliberately kept herself too busy to think, too weary to wrestle with the problems that beset her. Sometimes she'd face it all out, decide what she must do. But not so long as there was work in which to bury herself. Numbered by fatigue, the ache in her heart seemed gone. And might have lain dormant had not fate or chance or coincidence, perhaps, stepped in to rouse her in spite of herself.

It had been a busy evening—a fiesta day for Los Angeles, and a hilarious evening for the popular El Mexicano. Macias, his two boys, snapping, had seen the patrons crowd in, gay spendthrift prodigals. And Devona and the Troubadours had sung and played themselves to exhaustion, trying to answer every request, contributing much to the festive spirit.

So weary her eyes felt glazed, her voice sounding strangely far off, Devona was standing under a spotlight when Talbot Braher, manager of the place, came up to her. He and George Barnard appeared from the cocktail lounge. So unutterably tired, she didn't trust her senses, she thought for a moment that she only imagined it. But as they stood watching her, obviously waiting for her to finish her number, to step down from the platform, she finally realized this was no dream.

"Devona Macias!" Talbot said under cover of the thunder of applause.

"Hello," she managed with what she hoped was a natural smile. "Good evening Mr. Barnard."

"What in the devil are you doing here?" Talbot demanded abruptly. "Singing. And—she—"

"The little laugh at him, 'the devil had nothing to do with it. Just recently.'"

"But you're supposed to be in school, in San Francisco—studying music!" he persisted.

"She!" he glanced around the crowded, smoke-filled room. "My god, not this!"

Devona stiffened defiantly. "And what's the matter with this?"

"Well—nothing, of course," he said hastily. "But—for you, you don't belong."

"Look!" he scowled. "Isn't there some place we can go? I've got to talk to you."

She shook her head. "I can't leave now. But we can sit here," and she led by her own small, stable hand to the cluster of potted palms that marked the make-believe patio.

"Now tell me. What happened?" Talbot demanded as soon as they were seated.

But before she could answer, Barnard asked, characteristically, "Does Vana know what you're up to?"

She shook her head. "No and she won't—unless you tell her."

Barnard's grin deepened the cavernous lines in his face. "Don't worry. I shan't open my face. She has enough to worry about as it is."

"But—Talbot's thin, artistic face was still anxious, 'you? Tell me, Devona—what?'"

"There's nothing much to tell," she shrugged. "I decided that I don't belong in Vana's life and that the sooner I got out the better it would be. Disappointing made it simpler for all concerned, I think."

Barnard approved with a nod. "Smart girl. You were right, too."

"But, Vana thinks you are—"

"Please, let's talk about you," she suggested when she could no longer bear the sympathetic concern in Talbot's dark eyes. "About the play, Talbot."

His face lighted for an instant, then the shadows fell again, as Barnard said, "We open at the playhouse next Saturday night."

"And probably close the following Monday," Tal added gloomily. "The play stinks. But of course, Vana's marvelous."

Devona's laugh bubbled up upon

tanously for the first time in weeks. "Still the same incorrigible optimist, aren't you, Tal?" he teased, slipping back for the moment to the self she'd been some four faithful months ago.

"It won't fail," Barnard said gravely, but Devona wasn't to know he really believed that himself.

Tal turned to her, his enthusiasm betraying the cynicism of a moment ago. "Haven't you ever read it?"

"No—never."

"I'll send you a copy. And—will you come to the opening?" Drawing a small packet of blue tickets from his pocket, he pressed two to her, one into the little empty hand.

"I'd appreciate it. I want you to go. I'd appreciate it, you know, you promise?"

So she promised: "I'll try."

Then before the two men left, Tal said, his dark eyes huge in his thin face. "Please let me know if there's anything I can do to help, Devona. After all, I hate leaving you here."

He glanced at the noly group celebrating at the next table. "This is no place for a sweet little kid like you."

Devona smiled. Who, eons ago, had first told her that? Now, she smiled at his brother. "Tal, darling, I'm not a little kid any longer but I'll try to keep 'sweet,' don't you worry."

His hand on her arm tightened affectionately. "You do just that. I'll be back often to see you."

Now, Talbot's glance from her to the other—y'all both keep my secret from—Vana."

"Sure will. You're a wise girl. I wish you 'luck,' Barnard nodded approvingly.

Resting her chin on one hand, Devona watched them weave a trail through the crowd toward the foyer. George Barnard, tall, a little stooped, zealous in his guardianship of Vana and temperament, was the first to

devona's solved her own problems—matter how.

"Talbot Braher, neurotic, sensitive, high-strung, yes, really, her friend. She was sure of that. It was nice, she told herself as gratitude welled up within her to those whom she

smiled and thanked. A real friend. Something else hadn't had since—well, since Dad had gone.

And something she was doing, her great need of someone or later, her new waitress warned her as Jose Macias made his way toward her

"Who were your friends?" he demanded instantly, dropping into the

For an instant, Devona was tempted to feign ignorance. But she caught the searching suspicion in Jose's anxious eyes, and thought better of it.

"Talbot Braher, playwright, and George Barnard, manager-director," she said, assuming indifference.

"Charming with our young D.A.'s," he purred.

Smiling a little weakly, Devona shook her head. "No, Jose. Not charming with any one's brother."

"I'm not so sure," his voice only half hid that threat. "I didn't like the way that young fellow looked at you."

Macias' fierce temper blazed quick and hot in his face, staining it red, setting his thick lips into a hard line.

Then, obviously regaining control, drew a deep breath, changed the scowl to a sly smile. "Sure. Of course. I didn't mean to make you angry, Dona. Clumsily, he patted her hand.

Relieved to see Elsie, the hat-check girl, coming toward them now, Devona was more relieved that the girl brought a message that some one was waiting to see Macias. She excused him gladly.

Just what she wondered as he made his way toward his office, would happen to her if once he let her temper loose? Like a maddened bull, ruthless, bestial—Devona shuddered.

And anything, any one in his way, was simply trampled to death. She was a fool to risk that. Next time, she'd better watch her tongue.

Her eyes followed him idly. Then, suddenly, her whole body stiffened. The small man waiting just outside Macias' office seemed strangely familiar.

Chinese, he was obviously slanted almond-shaped eyes, and something about his flashy sport coat, the immaculate gray flannels

gogged her memory painfully. He was, he bowed as Macias went toward him. A funny, stiff little bobbing bow. It reminded her of Vana.

Devona's heart stopped a moment. But that ugly, repellent little Oriental would have no business here. It couldn't be he, of course.

She watched Macias scowl, glance quickly around the lobby, hustle the little man into his office quickly—almost furtively.

For an instant, she sat immobile, turning that picture that way and that in her mind, trying to get the whole focus. She must be mistaken, of

course. Wong would not be permitted to come here as guest. And if it was a mistake, of course. Still, there was one way to make sure. Any excuse to follow Macias into that office.

She glanced at the costly fan her fingers opened and shut idly. A loosed thread seemed to need to store the fan away safely.

Before she had time to reconsider, she made her way to that grey pillbox door. Tapping softly and then, deliberately not waiting for an answer, she pushed open the door, stepped into the little office.

Her door my button in like this. Jose, but my fan is—"

She began. Then she stopped, let the door slide shut behind her with a snap and the words of her flimsy little excuse

fainted in her throat. Jose was alone! Stopped at the window, he whistled toward her almost fiercely. "Well—what?" he snapped, his face strangely white, his eyes smouldering dangerously.

"—that is—my fan is—a stone it loose," she stammered, trying hard to hide her own excitement as her glance travelled quickly around the tiny room. "I thought I'd better put it away before I lost it."

He eyed her suspiciously a moment. "Sure. Hand it here, I'll take care of it."

"Thanks." She tried to smile naturally, turned to open the door again.

But only when it was safely closed behind her again, did she realize how she trembled. She'd seen some one—some one who looked like Wong—go into that room. He couldn't have come out without her having met him, face to face. So—and the realization brought a shuddering

recognition along her spine—some one else knew about that secret passage now!

(To Be Continued)

What's In A Name

Wrong Word Did Not Keep Man From Enjoying It

In a Toronto restaurant a port and arable young lady sat down beside a benign, fatherly appearing old

man who was consuming with obvious satisfaction a noble wedge of pie

quivering pale lemon delight supported by golden crust and topped with a mouth-watering meringue.

As she tells it, My goodness, the gal promised herself, I've got to have some of that. She asked her table

companion what sort of pie it was "Lemon lingerie," he replied, not

hating an eye. That doesn't sound right, the young lady thought, and repeated the question to the nearest

waitress, who said it was "Lemon chiffon, our special de-day." "Lemon chiffon is it?" remarked the old

gentleman. "I knew it had something to do with women's clothes," was Macias' Magazine.

Queer Names On List

A strange assortment of names goes up in the far north, where many years ago white men "sold

"distinguished handles" to natives. The selective service board at Fairbanks, Alaska records among others

the names of "Early Bird," "Bishop George Washington," "Benjamin Franklin" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Near the close of the Civil War, coffee sold for \$3 a cup in Richmond, Va.

IF ALL OTHER INVASION ATTEMPTS FAIL



WILSON'S FLY PADS

REALLY KILL

One pad kills flies all day and every day for 2 or 3 weeks. 3 pads in each package. No spraying, no stinkiness, no bad odor. Ask your Drugist, Grocery or Hardware Dealer.

10 CENTS PER PACKET WHY PAY MORE? THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., Hamilton, Ont.

Drought in Alaska

South-Eastern Part Has Been Unusually Dry This Year

It's getting so dry in south-eastern Alaska that ships are hauling water out to the lighthouses.

And man, but it hasn't been dry since they built those sea beacons. The natives, conservative in matters meteorological, are getting primed to start calling it a drought.

There was just 76 of an inch rainfall in August compared to the August average of 11.57. Temperatures ranged through the 70's to a peak of 80.

The Cape Decision light station on Kuiu island is without water after drying up of two lakes on the island.

The U.S. coast guard cutters Ne-nah-ah and Cyane are engaged in transporting water to the Cape Decision, Guard Island, Tree Point and Edred Rock lighthouses. Normally they are served by lakes or rainwater reservoirs.

Cannons and mines also have been caught in the pinch. The cold Standard mine on nearby Helm bay suspended operations because of the water shortage, which one of the owners said was the worst he had seen in his 40 years in the north.

Pumps have served the normally rain-washed town of Ketchikan from a critical water situation.

The cannier, with growing supplies of canned salmon piling up on the docks because there is as much a shortage of ships as of rain, are in a prayerful dilemma. They need rain for their operations but it would damage the stocks on the docks.

Anyway you look at it, they seem to be over a rain barrel.

Green Grass As Food

Britain Is Prepared To Use It If Necessary Arises

British is prepared to make use of her lush green grass for food supplies run low, says Prof. D. S. Johnstone-Wallace of Cornell University.

"We may find grass may play a more important part in this war," Prof. Johnstone-Wallace told the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs.

"Large factories are already producing dried grass powder and it is being fed to animals. It will soon be for human beings if it comes to that," he said.

Prof. Johnstone-Wallace has eaten grass himself. Mixed half-and-half with flour and baked into soda scones, green grass is nutritious and tastes "really fine."

One-seventh of the total area of Ireland is past bog.

Cleaning Out Grain Separators

Will Do Much Toward Preventing New Weed Infestation

Though remarkably efficient for threshing the grain separator is the most difficult of all farm implements to clean. Custom machines are rarely cleaned out thoroughly and are consequently responsible for new weed infestation.

The seed grower has to face the added danger of admixtures of varieties, and the risk of pollution is so great that most growers have found it necessary to have their own machines.

Even then their problem is aggravated because of the inaccessibility of parts of the machine, which are difficult to clean.

No part of the machine should be regarded as clean because a superficial examination reveals no weed seeds or grain, states E. C. Stacey, Assistant Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Beaveridge, Alta.

Any lodged or crusted material and dried grease should be removed and the pockets of adjustable chaffers dug out. Most troublesome is lifted metal or cracked wood, which invariably carries its load.

Such places should be repaired as thoroughly as possible before the run commences. Cylinder bars collect and unlubricated rollers will clog and need even a very short run. The hinged stacker makes the decks fairly accessible but no place is easy to clean.

New seed growers after several clean-outs which amounted to a virginity, are disappointed and have found grain coming from the machines. When such is the case how inefficient must be the average workman.

Economy of time does not always permit an extensive cleaning, but the machine should have careful work done before the run starts. Then after threshing each field the machine should be run till empty and augers and screens well cleaned. Afterwards it may be advantageously to catch the first few dumps separately when starting up again. Seed grain demands even more careful clean-out.

In the latter case the use of an air blast may be necessary.

Outside of the machine needs attention also, as do bundle racks and wagon gears. If any particular weeds that come to his own land the chances are he will not give much attention to the pollution that leaves it.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

MANTECLER
Cigarette Papers
HOME SERVICE

NO SACRIFICE TO REDUCE ON THE LOW-CALORY DIET

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

The plump lady who bravely resists to reduce, yet gets fuller every day.

It does seem a puzzle, but if the lady isn't eating the right stuff, she's sure to get fat.

Even Desserts Are Allowed

THE RUM ISSUE

BY FRED JONES
This Column Given to News of the
Gleichen Branch of the Canadian
Legion

Stand To!

The Labor Day holiday got pretty well soured around here and so there was little to attract people to the great out doors most of the holiday makers did likewise got soured.

"There's bars in them that hills" and the guards have one for a mascot. Some boys had captured it this spring and they were leaving the district could not take it along. It is about what past the age when it could be trained most of the guards stand at a safe distance from the end of the chain.

Another prisoner of war among the Gleichen gang. Congratulations Bob.

I have not yet heard the results of the Model T race at Calgary on Labor Day, but I hope some one entered the ancient jalopy ones owned by me and known as Wally Simpson. She could have at least provided smoke screen for some of the other contestants.

I heard a lady's voice on the radio describing the first enlistments of men in Canada's new steamship army. She mentioned that it was impossible to tell the tiniest white lie as the whole statement must seem to be truth or else. This statement by the commentator will prove to the "old sweat" that the unit is indeed a new one.

The speeches made on the working state's holiday by leading labor men in the U.S. and Britain were clean cut declaration of labor's war aims and their plans after the war. They knew what they wanted in the battle of the peace. Canada does not seem to be as far ahead in the organization of labor as elsewhere. Much will still have to be done in this country before there will be a smooth working understanding between labor and capital. Here at Gleichen the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. are at it. It is unorganized and tales are told of the failure of attempts to do so. The whole setup without casting any aspersions on anyone, resembles a small dictatorship, or totalitarian state in the centre of a so-called democratic country. These conditions make change sometime is plain to anyone. Of course, the workers aren't supposed to like in the real totalitarian countries but the system is the same.

A few years ago there were whippers reaching Canada from a small Pacific island in the British Commonwealth of Nations regarding a loan which was badly needed at that time, but apparently the government of that small island had ideas of conditions which should be enjoyed by the average working man and a standard of living which was considered by the moguls of finance in Britain to be "much too good for the common people". This government also shrank from binding itself to the big financial machine and so the loan was refused. Some years later the second Great War broke out and men were wanted more than money. You would have thought this small island would have used its manpower as a bargaining asset to get even if it did not. Its sons have already distinguished themselves in the air, on the sea and among the choking dust of Africa and the middle east. When they get home some agreement will be reached whereby the members of the Commonwealth can get what they need to insure a living for its people and work out its plans without being considered a bad risk. Even with different ideas of standards of living, people like this can never be a bad risk.

The hunting season will soon be on and the boys will be out picking off the mallards. There is no game near Trail but I understand there is plenty out from Creston. There is deer away from the settlements almost anywhere.

Anyone able to work can get it here. There is a place for unskilled as well as skilled labor. Any work appears to pay from \$4.50 per day and up with a bonus.

I hope things in Gleichen are fine this fall and that Tom and Cam have not closed shop.

One platoon of 15 A. Co. is at Fort Nelson and one at Nelson. We are "pre" well scattered. Both places are nice to live in than Trail as there is more vegetation. Nelson is the prettiest place and every garden is filled with flowers and many have cherry, pear and apple trees with white hydrangeas and other flowering shrubs. There is also a fine beach for swimmers with a fine park and

ITEMS OF INTEREST OF THE TOWN AND DISTRICT

Born to Pte. and Mrs. Nain Hamar a girl, Sept. 2nd. Nain is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. G. Hamar, formerly of Gleichen, now residing in Chilliwack, B. C.

After an absence of many years from town Mrs. Kennedy of Hanna spent several days in town last week visiting her sisters Mrs. C. Harbuck and Mrs. W. Boos.

Prout Sunday night severely damaged Mrs. Ramsay's dahlias in fact it put the finishing touches on the flowers for this year. These dahlias were of magnificent size and color in fact the largest ever seen in town.

The 22nd Battery began their fall training program on Monday night, and will continue regular practice through the fall and winter. Owing to harvest operations the attendance on the first parade was small.

A suggested study program for those attending the Gleichen school has been developed, through the mails this week. Any who did not receive this correspondence may do so by contacting P. B. Nelson, Pupils who entertain any doubts as to their courses should see Mr. Nelson before purchasing their texts. All students will be expected to have purchased their particular texts as mentioned in the outline.

R.C.A.F. RECRUITING OFFICER HERE NEXT WEEK

Listed below are the towns and dates when an officer from the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, Calgary will visit next week for the purpose of interviewing parishes in these districts who are desirous of making application for enlistment in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Brooks, Sept. 15, from 2 p.m. to 10 a.m.
Patricia, Sept. 16, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Duchess, Sept. 16, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Hassano, Sept. 17, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Gleichen, Sept. 18, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

A medical officer and trade test N.C.O. will also be in attendance on this trip.

OBITUARY

CASPER BARTSCH

Funeral services for Casper Bartsch who died on Sept. were held at St. Victor's Church, Thursday morning at 11 o'clock with Fr. LaBel officiating. Interment was made in Gleichen Catholic cemetery.

The funeral was attended by many old timers especially from the Mossleigh area and other districts around Gleichen as well as by townspeople.

The late Mr. Bartsch was 60 years of age. He was born in Switzerland and came to Alberta in 1904. For the biggest cottonwoods I ever saw. There are several fast motor boats and surf boards to give the extra fun many enjoy.

Lights Out!

SPECIAL BARGAIN RAIL FARES TO

CALGARY \$1.50 AND RETURN FROM GLEICHEN

Going—SEPT. 18-19-20
RETURN UNTIL—SEPT. 23

Corresponding Low Fares On Intermediate Stations. Good In Catches only. No baggage checked.

FOR RESERVATION, SAFETY, COMFORT—GO BY TRAIN Ask Ticket Agent

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

many years he farmed south west of Gleichen. Retiring from farming he moved to Gleichen with his family about two years ago.

He is survived by his widow; three daughters, Mrs. J. Nichols of Calgary, Mrs. O. Engstrom and Mrs. H. Dujardin of Gleichen; two brothers, Chris of Calgary and Jake of Majorville.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

Sunday September 14th.
Harvest Thanksgiving at 7:30 p.m.
Fruit, flowers and vegetables will be gratefully accepted to decorate the church for above service. Please come to this service and make it as hearty as possible.

Rev. L. T. Pearson, B.A. (Incumbent)

COMING EVENTS

Oct. 10—Red Cross dance at Meadowbrook Hall, sponsored by ladies of U.P.W.A. Music by Cordick Family, a seven piece orchestra.

FROM THE FILES OF GLEICHEN CALL TWENTY YEARS AGO

Harry Benton the renowned Gleichen baseball pitcher had the misfortune to break his left arm while cranking a car.

Jack Meun has the distinction of bringing in the first load of grain of this year's crop to the elevators. After being allowed 50 per cent for hail he estimates his crop will average eight bushels to the acre.

A very pleasant time was spent at the farm home of the McPhersons the other day, the occasion being a birthday party given by Mrs. Kenneth McPherson for her young brother Neil McMillan. After the party of 40 had partaken of excellent lunch it was voted one of the most pleasant afternoons ever spent. Mrs. McPherson was assisted by her sisters Mrs. Geo. Bell and Mrs. H. Dunn.

It is reported that T. Barron's barn about seven miles north of town was burned down. So far no particulars have reached town.

Mrs. H. Journey of California is visiting at the home of Mrs. Thos. Woods.

The question of boarding the boys and girls who will attend the Gleichen school of agriculture next term is already looking serious and the wire pupils are already securing places in advance.

The grasshoppers developed a

Special Bargain Fares to

REGINA \$12.75
WINNIPEG \$23.45
AND RETURN

From GLEICHEN Correspondingly Low Fares from Intermediate Stations

GOOD GOING SEPT. 18-19-20
RETURN UNTIL SEPT. 23

Good to Catches only. No baggage checked. For additional information and train schedule, consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent

Canadian Pacific

WANTED FOR CASH

new C.P.R. loading platform at Gleichen. Cast iron (except axles), malleable, engines, blocks, plows, auto (except bodies and fenders), wrought not less than 1/4 inch thick and any size. If you want it hauled we will have a winch truck at moderate charge. See our Mr. Stewart Thompson at the lot, or Queen's Hotel.

FARMERS' MACHINERY EXCHANGE
1119 10th Ave. East, - - Calgary.

great taste for binder twine (trawled or otherwise) this harvest. Soaking the twine in kerosene was the only effective means used to keep them from cutting hands. Evidently the hoppers don't like kerosene.

Milo is sure some busy spot on Saturday nights and if you don't believe it take a look at the cars blocking the road between the hall and bus-loads part of Milo. There is all kinds of excitement going on and last Sat-

DANCE
MUSIC CREATED FOR YOUR DANCING ENJOYMENT
Dance to the distinctive style of Rudy Miller and his Dance Band
Playing for your Pleasure at
LASSANO, (CURLING RINK)
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 19TH
Dance commences at 9:30 p.m.
RUDD & MILLER AND HIS DANCE BAND
ADMISS: JN Ladies 50c Gentlemen 50c

THE WORLD'S GOOD NEWS
Will come to your home every day through
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
An International Daily Newspaper
It records for you the world's news, constructive progress. The Monitor does not contain crime or sensational news, neither does it ignore them. It deals intelligently with them, and so you may see and all the family, including the Weekly Magazine Section.
The Christian Science Publishing Society
One, Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts
Please order my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a period of:
1 year \$12.00 6 months \$6.00 3 months \$3.00 1 month \$1.00
including area, including Magazine Section: 1 year \$20.00 6 months \$10.00 3 months \$5.00 1 month \$1.50
Name _____
Address _____ Sample Copy on Request

RAIL BARGAIN FARES to EASTERN CANADA
45 Day Return Limit
Stopovers allowed on route
For information as:
THREE CLASSES OF TICKETS: COACH... *COACH-TOURIST *STANDARD on payment of berth charge *Good in Sleeping Cars of class shown
Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

upday evening the crowd was given a free exhibition of a prize fight in which the biggest fello got trimmed. The scaffold on which W. Johnston and two other men were working at the Alberta Pacific elevator broke allowing the three men to fall about fifteen feet on to the concrete below.

The two men fell on top of him, breaking a rib, dislocating his shoulder and bruising him severely. The others got off with a few bruises.

Susoma orange trees in Japan often live 300 years. This handy citrus fruit being widely grown in the south.

Join the Army for ACTIVE SERVICE
The army offers you a healthy life, free trade-training, specialist's pay, new experiences.
Join your friends in the army—NOW!
You may enlist and be granted leave to complete harvesting. For full information see the Recruiting Officer:
CAPT. W. S. WALLACE WHEN HE VISITS
15th September
16th and 17th September
16th and 17th September
16th and 17th September
18th September
18th September
18th September
19th September
20th, 21st and 22nd September
20th, 21st, 22nd September
23rd September
Strathmore
Gleichen
Milo
Bassano
Stevetville
Pollockville
Dorothy
East Coulee
Drumheller
Wayne
Rockford
CHOOSE THE BRANCH YOU PREFER AND... ENLIST NOW!